MAN!

"Man is the measurement of everything."

A Journal of the Anarchist Ideal and Movement

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THE LESSON OF AUSTRIA

For at least four days the exploited throughout the world have had their eyes turned toward Austria. The heart of every liberty-loving human being was beating stronger and stronger. In amazement and in joy all read the accounts of heroic men and women—members of the working class—rising to defend what they themselves have builded. And on February 12—the day the general strike was called by the Socialist leaders—all were thrilled anew for every place of assemblage of the enemy was turned into darkness. But this joy was not to last long. On the fifth day the news cables already showed defeat for the workers of Austria—amidst hundreds of dead, thousands of wounded and jailed, and many martial-law hangings. The fascist regime of Engelbert Dollfuss emerged triumphantly over the dead bodies and the shattered exemplary apartment houses that the workers had been building for years.

The spirit of the Paris Commune which had been rejuvenated for four continuous days in Vienna and other socialist-ruled cities, was crushed. The Socialist leaders were either jailed or succeeded in making their escape into the neighboring Socialist-ruled country of Czechoslavakia.

* * *

A closer analysis of the background of events in Austria is now in order. The correspondent of the New York **Times**, Mr. G. E. R. Gedye, flew to Prague, Czechoslavakia, especially to interview the escaped Socialist leaders. We quote at length from the statement, given to him, by Otto Bauer. He said:

"The tragedy is the breakdown of my life work, the creation of the Socialist municipalty in Vienna. . . . Our party has made the very greatest efforts to come to an agreement with the government, because we knew what the end would be otherwise. . . . In the first weeks of March our leaders were still in close personal contact with Dollfuss and frequently tried to get him to agree to a constitutional solution. . . . We offered to make the greatest concessions that a democratic and socialistic party has ever made. We let Dollfuss know that if he would only pass a bill through parliament we would accept a measure authorizing the government to govern by decree without parliament for two years. . . . Dollfuss refused. . . . Then we tried the clerical politicians whom we had known for a long time. . . . In our parliamentary committee in October we announced that a general strike would take place if any one of four things should occur . . if a government commissar were imposed on Vienna, if our party or the trade unions were dissolved we would strike. . . . The dissatisfaction and agitation of the workers against the conservative policy of our party committee grew as the government provocations increased. The workers said the government was making itself more powerful militarily, was wearing down our spirit and was choosing its own time to attack us. Excitement rose to a fever pitch during the last weeks. . . . I was alarmed to hear of this spirit, and after discussion with my informant we both decided that urgent messages must be sent to the workers to keep cool. I arranged for them to be told that if we in Vienna could submit patiently to an arm search in party headquarters they must do the same. . . . Nothing but a strike was decided upon (on Monday, February 12). There was no suggestion of armed resistance. . . . There is another question that Mayor Fey (the Vice-Chancellor) will have to answer one day. During the disorders in 1927 Mayor Seitz and many others, at the risk of their own lives, went into the crowds and calmed the excited workmen. All these leaders were in prison on Monday—Why didn't Fey release them at any time during the fighting and give them a chance to bring it to an end?' "

Dr. Julius Deutch, another prominent Socialist, stated to Mr. Gedye:

"When the news reached Vienna that there had been shooting between the police and workers in Lintz and a strike had broken out there, members of the Social Democratic party tried to get in touch with the government to prevent an outbreak. . . . It is an infamous lie that the workers attacked the forces of law and order. It was just the reverse."

In another illuminative cablegram story by Mr. Gedye in the same issue (February 18) of the New York **Times**, he stated:

"For years Prince Strahemberg and other Heimwehr leaders openly proclaimed the Heimwehr aims. 'The Fascist flag must float over the Vienna Rathaus. Socialist heads must roll in the sand. We will destroy the rule of the Asiatic Jews and wipe out democracy,' were some of his favorite slogans. . . . To these the Socialist replied: Threaten away. We have created a city whose administration is a model to Europe, despite Austria's poverty. We have taxed the wealthy severely, giving the working population model dwellings, spacious baths, sport grounds, libraries, and even free layettes to every hard-up mother, all of which have made them our loyal supporters. Sixty per cent of Vienna's and forty per cent of Austria's population vote for us at every election. . . ."

* * *

The lengthy excerpts just brought forward tell one of the most tragic episodes in mankind's struggle for liberation. On one side we see trusted representatives of the masses' aspirations Compromising Right and Left, while on the other side we see the Enemies of Mankind, Exploiters and Rulers—undaunted and inexorable in every move against the masses! The "representatives of God" also didn't fail in their "duty"! They (the priests) went from door to door, calling upon their deluded followers to come forward and aid in crushing the workers' heroic defense. The "little" Mussolini of Austria, Dollfuss, played his part masterfully. He hobnobbed with the Socialists only as long as it suited his purpose.

And the defenders of the masses—the Socialists—according to Otto Bauer's own admission, were begging, pleading, even through the clericals and were ready to give to the Fascist Hangmen of the masses a carte blanche for a dictatorship over the masses for two years, provided only that their party should not be molested!

And what stronger indictment could be brought forward against the entire social democratic movement in Austria than the one contained in Bauer's own admission that in 1927 the Socialist leaders stopped that uprising, and that they would have done the very same thing again, if the Dollfuss regime had released them from the prisons during the present momentous heroic battle put up by some of the masses!

* * *

And the masses—what did they do? Always belittled by the very men they entrust their fate to—they evinced a far different spirit. They saw their liberties being taken away one after another. Fascism was enthroning itself. They began to fear it. They became more and more uneasy. Alarmed and despondent over the inaction of the Social Democratic leaders they began to resist the continuous attacks upon them by the forces of the enemy. And still their leaders were ready and willing to deal and compromise. Thus the very same undermining tactics that were pursued by the leaders of the Paris Commune, were repeated.

If the heroic defense put up by the workers of Austria—that is, not by the more than a million who voted socialist, but by the thousands who fought—proved itself only able to give battle to the enemy for three days, instead of 30 days, as did the Paris Commune, it was because the workers' minds were poisoned with illusions of needed discipline and organization. And, whatever resistance they did offer, **was despite the leadership and the organization.**

When the leaders finally called the general strike on February 12, the enemy revealed how well it was prepared to meet an emergency. The cable wires of the Socialists were cut, and thus the news of the general strike was throttled. The threat of the Socialists, made in October, gave the enemy a chance to prepare. And when the strike was called—it **was called five months too late!**

Those parties such as the Socialists, Communists and Syndicalists, who think that the revolution must be organized, planned and prepared, ought to realize by what has just transpired during the four now historical days in Austria, the error of their contentions. **For, a mere few thousands of workers fighting a guerilla warfare, came very close to defeating a well organized disciplinary army of the enemy!**

* * *

It is not our purpose to come forward now and denounce the Socialist leaders of Austria for their faiulre to act until **it was actually too late.** Neither are we out to brand them as traitors. These men of the Socialist movement have been building what they sincerely thought was a citadel against capitalism. Vienna became the model city of the Socialist world. It was held up as an exemplary mirror by Socialists everywhere. And all this was achieved via the Political Road —the road of Compromise and Barter. The Socialists of Vienna had forgotten, however, what had happened to their brethren in Great Britain, Italy, Hungary and especially in Germany. In every one of these countries powerful Socialist representations existed in the Parliaments. But when reaction raised its head and put the Socialist leaders to a test, they failed ignominiously. And was it, then, possible that the last of the Socialist strongholds—Austria—should withstand that test in which all other Socialist parties had failed? It was hoping far too much, fighting against the iron laws of logic and pure reason. As players in the game of politics (the paper vote doll given so gratuously to them in country after country by capitalism) the Socialists were bound to be the losers the very moment that the enemy really began to smell the threat to its existence. For this is exactly what Engelbert Dollfuss meant when he declared:

"I did my duty as any other Chief of Government would have done had he been in my place. . . . God knows it was a hard duty. . . . Preservation of the Government and state demanded and imposed it. . . ."

Thus one sees that the nonentity, Mr. Dollfuss, **knows far better what is the purpose and function of the State than did Karl Marx and all his followers since!** Nor is the enemy of freedom so sure of having had its last laugh at the enslaved masses of the world. For, right on the heels of its triumph in Austria, one of its astute defenders, Sir Philip Gibbs, wrote in the New York **Times** of February 24:

"Without a parliamentary system which allows for compromise there is the peril of revolution, which is cruel and frightful to both sides. Determined forces are going underground and that is the most dangerous place into which they can be driven."

If only our Socialist friends, and Communists as well, could understand as clearly **the purpose of Parliamentarism as does Sir Philip Gibbs!** For the split in the First International of the Working Class Movement **was on this very issue.** It was Marx who chose the parliamentary road, via universal suffrage, as the surest and quickest path to bring about the liberation of the enslaved masses. Michael Bakunin thought differently. In the road of political action he foresaw Compromise of Ideals and Aims, a long road that is bound to lead to nothing but betrayal and defeat of every aim of the masses to liberate themselves.

The Clemenceaus, the Briands, the Heberts, the Scheidemans, the Mussolinis, the MacDonalds, the drowning in blood of the rebellions of the masses in Italy whilst the Socialists betrayed it and the Communists looked on, the similar fate of the Revolution in Spain when Socialists, Communists and Syndicalists acted likewise, the triumph of Hitler and now of Dollfuss—**what more decisive proof could be brought forward to substantiate and vindicate the Uncompromising stand of Michael Bakunin, the Anarchist?**

In the parliamentary scheme of entering the Brothels of Capitalism, Bakunin had predicted just what has now happened and is now happening, over and over again.

One cannot fail, tho to notice that the leading organ of the Socialists here—"The New Leader"—has learned nothing. In its criticism of the Communists' behavior at the Madison Square Garden meeting, which was to express solidarity with the workers in Austria and which ended in a shameful fiasco, "The New Leader" found it necessary to make this dubious statement:

"Not since the days of Bakunin anarchism has there been such conduct. . . ."

What a brazen mistatement of the truth! The fact is that in the days of "Bakunin anarchism" writers such as this one of "The New Leader," Marx and Engels, **were denounced by Bakunin for leading the workers astray by advising them to choose the road of Compromise, the road of political action.** The very road that brought disaster to the workers of Austria, Italy, Germany, Spain, Great Britain, and so many other countries!

True enough, the Communists are acting as cheap politicians in denouncing the Social Democrats for something of which they are equally guilty. For hasn't their "revolutionary" government of Russia been fraternizing with the Mussolini regime, with the Hitler Nazi Regime, with the Dollfuss regime, and with every other existing capitalist regime throughout the world? **Did the "Communist" Government of Russia make even so much as a lip protest against the reign of terror by the Mussolinis, the Hitlers and the Dollfuss, over the workers of their respective countries?**

The conduct of the "revolutionary" government can only be explained thus: diplomacy demands compromises! And it is upon this very altar of Compromise that the Working Classes have been betrayed and defeated over and over again! The entire triumph of the reactionary forces in country after country can, and must be, attributed only to this Defeatist course. May not one hope, then, that the last bloody defeat of the workers in Austria, principally due to the Political Compromise tactics and aims of the Socialists, will at last arouse the Socialists and Communists, as well as the Syndicalists, to a realization that there is only one road that can and will lead to Social Liberation.

And this Road is the Road of No Compromise of any sort with the Enemy! Not a single sincere worker shall again enter the capitalist brothels of Corruption, Parliaments and legislative bodies of all sorts! **War, yes, open class war to the bitter end, the uncompromising road of Insurrection, Rebellion and Revolution—this and this only is the Road that can lead humanity to the Dawn of Freedom.**

That was the lesson of the Paris Commune, of every struggle of the workers since then, and especially of the one just witnessed in Austria.

M. G.

FIGHTING MINERS and SCABS

G. R. Didiur

In normal times even these grimly mining towns had their funny side of life; the ghostly chimney, the black smoke, the wide tracks, the endless files of cars laden with coal, the long rows of huts and the muddy streets were there to be sure, but while the miners were working down below, their sturdy wives went shopping or calling on each other, chatting loudly, and the children going or coming from school romped and skipped about, filling the air with happy and joyous shouts. The streets, the stores, the houses were permeated with the strong, lusty spirit of life of a healthy, industrious community. In the evenings, after the miners had had their bath and supper and went out for a breath of fresh air, the towns instantly assumed an atmosphere of gay, peaceful festivity which was beautiful to behold. These hard toilers of the deep, with lungs full of black dust and with clean souls, were fond of stopping at the corner to talk about the daily topics, while an occasional couple of young lovers passing by would blurt at the gibes thrown them by friendly bystanders.

Women and girls sitting on the front steps; loud chatting, a faint music from some radio, a miriade of sweet sounds caresing one's ears, and the children playing their merry games vociferously. . . .

But alas, these things belong to the past!

Now the war, the horrible class war has transformed these villages into bloody battle fronts.

Arrogant company thugs, heavily armed, patrol the streets; very few people are seen about. Silence everywhere. Not a sound from the houses, the stores, the public buildings. Even the visitor is suddenly seized by a vague terror of something weird and uncanny floating in the air.

A striker's wife, poorly dressed, goes along on the sidewalk, her head erect, her face cold and proud, her gaze fixed directly and far, pretending not to notice the wife of a scab coming from the opposite direction. A group of children of striking miners is going to school. They are moving slowly and talk in a low voice; they do not associate with children of scabs and often fight with them. A striker is crossing the streets, his eyes alarmed, his ears alert, his steps brisk. People are not allowed to form in groups. The nearby mine is surrounded with barbed wire and nobody can approach it, the whereabouts swarming with thugs and guards of every description.

At the top of the mine tipple, on the main turret, a big machine gun points its grim muzzle toward the town, ready to belch forth its deadly slugs. Other machine guns are distributed around the buildings at strategic points. Here and there the war shows its ghastly scars; a porch was blown out, one house is half burned, another was bombed and abandoned, its glassless windows staring wildly into the street. Bullet marks in the walls here and there. Night descends slowly on the gray, dreary landscape.

Silence, the ominous silence of the jungle with its beasts of prey lurking in the dark. The strikers have to watch themselves closely at night, especially those better known for their militant activity, also having to defend their family as well, for the bloodthirsty coal cossacks do not stop at murdering women and children. The wife of a miner was killed in her very house last year and the murderer, well known in the community, is at large, more arrogant and criminal than ever.

So the miners guard themselves and their dead ones, gun in hand, mouths firmly set, gaze resolute and bold. Suddenly a succession of shots or a loud explosion rings out; the men clench their guns nervously, the women turn pale, and the children, wild eyes with terror, rush to their mothers' arms.

A sharp call for help; the bad news that some comrades were trapped in ambush and are shooting it out with the thugs, and the strikers quickly gather and rush headlong to the rescue.

Is this nerve-wrecking business, this bloody guerrila to go on forever?

Hard to tell how long. The Peabody Coal Company is one of the most powerful financial combinations in the country, and incidentally, one of the most beastial and ruthless toward the workers.

The company is operating the mines at a great loss; the number of skilled miners belonging to the United Mine Workers being very small and the rest of the scabs are a mixture of social riff-raff collected hurriedly and furiously by John L. Lewis's henchmen in Southern Illinois and Northern Kentucky, but the Peabody has wide interests wherever coal is mined in the United States and Canada. With their huge pronts it is just a boy's play to plug the losses incurred in the Illinois fields in fighting the Progressive miners. This capitalistic group understands that a great issue is involved in the struggle and is therefore willing to spend millions of dollars to destroy the Progressives.

They understand still better ever since the brazen bastard Lewis made the following proposition to the Peabody crowd: "You are in a tough corner and so am I. The Progressives mean business, and if they win in Illinois the movement will spread all over the country and you will be at the mercy of rabid reds, and I of course will lose my job. That's why we have to stick together. I will provide you with plenty of scabs, gunmen and gangsters until we will annihilate the Progressives to boot."

And he made his promise good. I don't think there is any other case in the whole history of labor in which a powerful labor union had a public and open alliance with capitalists to fight another union sprung from its own ranks* in a mad struggle that lasted for years. But so it is; the miners of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kansas, West Virginia and other states in paying their union dues are providing money so that some criminals can have the means to kill and maime their fighting brothers in Illinois!

Then there is the militia, of course, which Governor Harner keeps ready and Lewis and the Peabody company use freely whenever the strikers in an outburst of rage and desperation try to break through their massive lines.

The reactionary union, the State, the County, a powerful capitalistic group, society itself, all against a handful of men ragged and famished whose great and unabated courage come from the principle of life itself—the right to existence, which is the inlienable prerogative of every being from birth to the grave.

As for the scabs, not everything is rosey with them. Mining is a painful and dangerous enough occupation for skilled miners; the scabs are not familiar with tools, don't know how to operate the machinery, disregard the most elementary rules of care and safety.

The faint rattling of slate, the cracking of rock, the sound of sinking walls, the smell of gas is all Greek to them. The long underground passage with its thousands of warning voices is nothing but an empty, dark, mysterious void to them.

Propping, the vital point of mining, is badly done and not in the right time and place; black powder and dynamite are carelessly dealt with, tracks laid crooked and distorted. Notwithstanding the frantic efforts of the management the results are frightful; drifts and entries cave in, charges explode before time, props fall, engines and cars jump the rails. A perfect chaos. The number of accidents is disastrously high; the doctors are busy and the hospital is full of injured. A company doctor admitted recently that he never saw such horrible human carnage. Besides, the scabs, being a desperate, heterogeneous conglomeration of social scum, do not get along among themselves; quarrels and brawls break out in the mines and the gunmen are busy underground. Some of the scabs are eager to escape, even without pay, but if it was asy to come it is more difficult to get away; the gunmen attend to that.

Most of the scabs are void of principles, never belonged to a union and it does not matter to them to live one way or the other, but the scab members of the United Mine Workers, when cornered, try meekly to explain and hang their heads in shame. Life is miserable for everybody.

Yes, the strikers are in a bad plight; their savings gone, with no credit because most of the business men are against them; their community kitchens were bombed and destroyed, the help from the union dwindled almost to nothing. The second winter of their long struggle is dragging on awfully slow in the squalor of desolate destitution. Yet they do not ask for help and don't expect any. They fight alone, bitterly alone; with dauntless spirit, whilst the rest of American labor either sneers at them or ignores them with the idiotic, heavy slumber of the contented slave.

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*Our collaborator is in error. The United Garment Workers Union did identically the same against the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union—which is now the offspring of the first.—Editor.

Facts and Comments

The figures released by the Department of Commerce for the year 1932 is in reality an indictment of the present system of injustice that no propagandist could surpass by the finest of oratory. Here are some of the figures:

Dividends to coupon holders	2,590 million
Interest to money sharks	5,506 million
Salaries to high officials	3,382 million
Rents to profiteers	1,691 million
Wages to producers of wealth	6,839 million

Farmers' income dropped to $3,442,000,000 compared to $6,341,000,000 in 1931.

A Federated Press report states that, according to the Labor Research Association, there were no less than 16,000,000 men, women and young workers unemployed in November, 1933.

One wonders as to how long the NRA (Never Recover Again) act of American capitalism will succeed to deceive the suffering masses.

Is the "new deal" Government of American capitalism preparing to embroil the people in another new war? Here is the answer: The naval appropriation bill is for $295,000,000. The Winson naval building bill is for $475,000,000, and $275,000,000 has been taken from the Public Works Appropriation funds to build warships.

All government debts in the United States have amounted to 39 billion dollars by the end of 1932. The "citizens"—implying of course all the oppressed and exploited—will be made to pay the debts.

The "public utilities" are fulfilling their purpose all right. According to Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania they overcharged (a respectable word for ROBBING) the people of no less than 500 million dollars a year.

The following news item of the Associated Press might be fittingly entitled: "How a Strike Is Ended in Free America." It reads:

> Calipatra, Cal., Feb. 20, 1934.—With a group of asserted agitators weeded out and put in jail, the strike of 3000 pea pickers in the Imperial Valley came to an abrupt end today. . . . The end of the strike was signalled when a force of officers descended upon a desert concentration camp eight miles from here . . . crew bosses recruited the workers they needed.

Wonder how many of you have read "Uncle Tom's Cabin"?

Wonder also what the authorities would do if strikers would retaliate by descending upon exploiters' palaces and rulers' star chambers and treat them to a similar fare?

For once at least, on November 21, 1933, a voice arose to hurl some truth at the opening of the House of Commons. The King was making his usual hypocritical address as John McGovern, Socialist M. P., shouted at him:

"You're all a gang of lazy, idle parasites, living on the wealth other people create. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves! Think of the starving people outside!"

He was of course ejected from the Commons. For, what business has an honest man in such a place?

In 1930 the governments of the world spend $4,500,000,000 for maintaining armies and navies. War materials in that same year amounted to 56 million dollars.

Vice Chancellor V. C. Fallon of Bayonne, N. J., in granting an injunction which outlawed a textile strike, declared that "the NRA manifests a public policy to put an end to strikes," and that "courts will not countenance them." Thus reveals itself the Double Deal, pardon us, the New Deal.

The infamous state of flogging and chain gangs is once again coming to the forefront. This time it is the township of Bartow that has to its credit the cold blooded lynching of three Negroes and the jailing of many more. It was Erskine Caldwell who exposed the latest perifidious act of the "white" citizens in "The New Masses." Their protest against the exposure is a double one. First, Caldwell is the son of a minister. Second, what happened in their township is nothing unusual for any township in Georgia. Thus is born out an old truth: viciousness and ignorance march hand in hand.

The American Civil Liberties Union reports that 15 strikers were killed and 200 wounded since July 1, 1934—the inauguration of the "New Deal." Also, no less than 40 injunctions against labor strikes were issued for the same period. Indeed—what a new deal this is proving to be—against the oppressed and exploited.

Who says we have a depression on? In the first nine months of 1932—43 corporations reported net earnings of $87,603,000. For the same period during 1933, $373,802,000.

The U. S. Government budget for the year of July, 1932, to July, 1933, had only two million dollars revenue and five millions expenditures. The public debts amount to 22,538 million dollars.

The Oakland, Cal., "Tribune" offers some cheerful consoling news to the suffering multitudes of New York City and the country. It reports on February 20th that:

> The Pennsylvania sailed from New York with 429 passengers, one of the largest westbound lists in recent years and one of the most brilliant from the standpoint of Who's Who in American finance and industry. There were few in the first cabin who were not presidents, vice-presidents or other high ranking executives of "big business." The majority are returning to California to play for the first time since the Fall of 1929.

As was to be expected, a jury of ranch exploiters at Visalia, California, acquitted all the eight of the rancher defendants on the charge of having attacked a peaceable assembly of strikers, and which attack resulted in the death of Dolores Hermandez, a striker, and Delfino D'Avila, Mexican consular representative. The district attorney, himself a vicious tool of the ranch-exploiters, will **of course** not ask for a new trial. Talk about class-justice in this country! Just think of the Chicago Haymarket Martyrs, Sacco and Vanzetti, Zangaro, Mooney and Billings—all railroaded on hardly any proofs at all. But, they were valiant fighters of the working class. And that makes all the difference . . .

The American Civil Liberties Union **Press Service** reports the following:

> "Burning the home of James Crorkin and throwing a brick with a note of warning through the window of Peter Malochowski's home, vigilantes in Staunton, Illinois, served notice on all radicals to leave town.
>
> Free speech has been denied radicals in Staunton and throughout Macoupin County for several months. On December 16th police and deputies broke up an indoor free speech meeting in Staunton, arresting five, including Mr. McKenna of the Chicago Civil Liberties Committee.
>
> The Crorkin home was fired while the Crorkins and their three children were away. Kerosene was poured over bedding, clothing, furniture and floor. Large holes were hacked in the floor, apparently to provide a draft. Fortunately, the house itself was saved. Some days before the fire, Mayor William McBrien of Staunton had advised Mrs. Crorkin, who presided at the December 16th meeting broken up under his orders, to leave town, warning her that the lynchings and tar and feathers of war days would again be used against radicals and that he could not guarantee her safety."

The "New Deal" saviour in the white house, nor any of his assistants, have as yet come forward to protest against the above described outrage. Most likely **they never will—either.**

Bert Hillside

To Commemorate the

Paris Comune

SATURDAY, EVE., MARCH 17, 1934

AT OUR CLUB ROOMS, 2787a FOLSOM ST., S. F.

ADDRESSES IN VARIOUS LANGUAGES

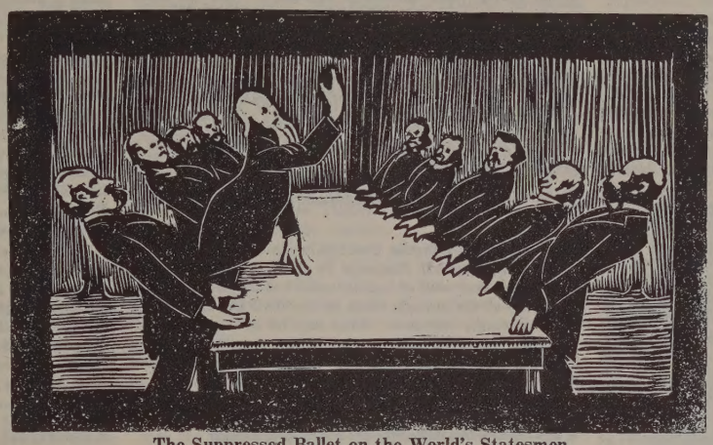
SUPPER AT 7:30 P. M. ADMISSION 35 CENTS

A BELATED FORECAST FOR THE YEAR 1934

M. Acharya

"Merry X'mas" is over and a "happy new year" has come. What kind of a happy new year? The last of the old kind. 1934 will show that; that no more of this classic, traditional, unthinking, automatic kind will come; no more of this brainless repetition is possible. Happy are those who could celebrate it in 1933, but, their happiness in the new year of grace will be short lived.

And the journalistic canaille, oh! To put X'mas enthusiasm in the public, they show by curves in diagrams and by statistics, that the lowest point in the depression is over—even when none is sure of his livelihood for the next day. Every country is described as the only one on the right road and all other countries must copy its example—will copy it. The question is only: "Higher armaments or present level of armaments"! "Business as usual"—if not better than before. How can mankind live otherwise! Just what present man is accustomed to is told to delight the ear. It is a consolation in these depression times to hear so—to be told by those "in the know" of the future trend of affairs. Surely what is 9 months in the "thousands of milleniums" they are just preparing the ground for? History is safe in their hands. Those who say or even think otherwise will be sent to hell. This is A. D. 1934.



The Suppressed Ballet on the World's Statesmen

—Linoleum cut by D. Chun.

And their opponent political parties, leaders and wiseacres gloat over the fact that the present regimes will crumble down in 1934 and they will come to power and conduct the state of affairs—affairs of the state. They know how to get over the depression better. They alone know it and the people will help them to get on top of the saddle and put the yoke over their (people's) necks. There is no harm in wishing them "good luck!". For they will never come to power if even they are helped. Not even some of the Anarchists are prepared for the coming anarchist situation. They are also dreaming in the old parrot terms.

As to where the depression leads to—nolens volens. Service, exchange, production and labour are intrinsically bound up and tangled with something of "permanent" or "stable value" called money—not merely printed numbers—but by acquiring, which, we could convert and amass the permanent and concentrated force of stuff. Economics is not simply production, labour and exchange of goods and services—least of all consuming goods and using services. The object of present economics—so long as it can be maintained by fraud and force—is to acquire and amass that final force or stuff. Whether you are bound to serve, to produce or exchange you must help—just in order to live—in collecting this final object for some one or all. Not even the Bolshevik government can abolish this object, subject as it is to the old means. If you consume goods or use services it is a chance, because you obtain—whilst many others don't obtain—the means. You may be satisfied with whatever you get or have—so long as you can get or keep. What about others, outside these "economics" of service, production and exchange—who cannot get any part of the chance or rope? You may, is now called National Park Ltd.)

Whatever is termed that final force or stuff—till now called gold— is now being collected into the vaults of a few banks issuing money, and they in turn are unable to collect gold from each other by issuing socalled credits; credits upon which others are born and die debtors. That is why there is no more chance even for a few for serving, producing or exchanging. The banks themselves, even with a Bolshevik Government at their back cannot manage business any more.

Hence my conclusion: Banks—even money issue banks—and with them all business will stop overnight as it were—yet in 1934,—as soon as France goes off the gold, for being unable to get more gold. People talk of coming war! Where will be any country able to make war when all countries are in the midst of not only "economic" depression but ready for destruction of currency—most of them having already let down their "currencies"? A war can be made only by letting down currency. We shall have finished this war when France has given up gold.

People again talk of the possibility of "creating a new currency" by putting into circulation one without gold basis. Such a currency has never existed and can never exist: for when and how shall people know what value is concealed behind such a currency note?

They go on further—talking about inflation with the help of silver as a way out. Silver currency is no doubt inflation, for it has a relation to gold and the value of silver in exchange with gold determines the value of notes issued with silver backing: one may as well print more "green backs" with gold definition of values. But when all countries have given up gold—on account of France giving up gold—what shall be the relation of paper or silver currency to each other? None can define it with the daily fluctuation of silver and its corresponding relations to goods and services.

Inflation is possible so long as one country as least is ready to part with gold upon presentation of its promisary notes. But when all countries say goodbye to gold—all banks and currencies become impossible. This I contend—notwithstanding all talk of war and preparations for war. Present civilization will close down shutters.

Happy new year to all statesmen who have captured State and power! They are like monkeys in a burning forest who have climbed up trees: They can neither get down nor stay there.

As if they instinctively know the danger to themselves, they talk of coming thousands of years of their rule and the coming improvement of business under their rod. If they get down, they will be killed for getting on the backs of others only to get down when the danger is near. If they fall when the tree burns, they are sure to lose their lives. To prevent the suspicion of coming danger they talk with empty heads of wonderful things to come with more brag than before—as if everything is safer than ever in their hands: "Business will go as usual!".

If banks and business closed down, the state closes automatically down with them—for the State of any kind is only a commission agent of banks and business.

In this year of 1934, we shall see the closing down of all business and states, the carriers of all past civilizations. Of that I am sure. When—not if—that comes all statesmen of the world will hang in bunches and in row all the world over with their banks—not in one or two countries alone—for having promised what they never could hope to do. The new would-be rulers will be unable to realize their dreams of founding new states, and will be hanged with the old, as they are now chased out everywhere.

The banks will eat up business and business will have to eat up banks. The state and the army being the right and left hand of banks, these will fall and crumble together with business and banks. Happy new year and last year to them!

They may prevent pointing out the danger to themselves and the inscribable only solution to it is anarchy—whether consciously prepared application of the principles of anarchism or coming out of chaos arranged and ushered by them.

Just as in 1917, Bolshevism unexpectedly sat on the saddle in Russia—17 years later Anarchism, to the surprise of anarchists themselves will rush in and settle down on mankind for ever. The time is on when it will be impossible to think except within Anarchism.

Preventing the teaching of anarchism, cannot prevent the coming of anarchy. They who "prevent" only create chaos, even with losing their own lives in so doing.

The Nazi Regime At Work

Erich Mühsam

Erich Mühsam was arrested February 28th, 1933 at dawn. The Social-democrat and Stalinist night of ignominy had just descended upon the German proletariat, like a heavy tomb-stone. It was the advent of counter-revolutionary terror, ushered in by the victorious hordes of the swastika.

The prisoner Mühsam was a symbol, his name recalling the Sovietic revolution of Bavaria. There was Mühsam a helpless hostage—and in the back-ground the shadows of the massacred revolutionists: Eissener, Landauer and Levine.

In 1924, a strong agitation had freed him from the fortress in which he was serving a term for the crime of having participated in the proclamation of the Soviet Republic of Bavaria, and as soon as he was set free he resumed the fight. A very suggestive orator, in numerous and well attended lectures, he was fostering the same work of propaganda and libertarian agitation which he had carried on in Munich from 1911 to 1914 thru' his magazine "Cain" and then in Berlin from 1926 to 1933 with another publication called "Fanal."

Mühsam, like everyone else endowd with a strong personality, represented and partly built a movement of his own which, nevertheless, was also flowing in the stream of German Anarchism.

The influence exerted by Mühsam thru' his literary lectures, his poetical and dramatic works, went far beyond the usual circle of comrades: a collection of his poems met a great success and the Berlin public welcomed with very live interest the presentation of his dramatic works "Judas" and "Reason of State." It was, therefore, natural for Hitlerism to see in this man an enemy to be feared.

From the very moment of his arrest, Mühsam has gone thru' the most terrible "Via Crucis". After breaking his teeth with musket blows; stamping a swastika on his scalp with a red-hot brand; subjecting him to tortures which caused him to be taken into a hospital, even now the facist hyenas of the Sonninburg concentration camp continue their beastly attacks upon this defenseless man. The last news are really atrocious: the Nazi forced our comrade to dig his own grave and then with a simulated execution made him go thru' the agony of a doomed man. Although his body has been reduced to a mass of bleeding and tumefied flesh, his spirit is still very high: when his traducers tried to force him to sing the "Horst Wessel" (the Nazis anthem) he defied their anger by singing the International.

Eight months of physical and mental tortures are an excessive burden for a man 65 years of age, fatigued by an intense life and dejected by the spectacle of a shameful ruin. Mühsam is in grave danger: if the unbearable tortures will not put an end to his life he will be driven to suicide. Men of the moral and intellectual caliber of this comrade of ours are not so numerous and, for the sake of of our own cause, we must do the utmost to save his life.

How? We must promote a prompt and energetic international campaign and to this end our press must be used as a means and a spur. Wherever possible, demonstrations should be staged against German Embassies and consular offices. It is necessary, it is a moral duty to save the life of Erich Mühsam!

The C. Pisacane Group of Paris.

Other Atrocities

The Labor Code of German Fascism is patterned along the lines of that invoked by Mussolini in Italy. A (?) "Social Honor Court" is to try workers who, "through malicious agitation endangers labor peace within the shop, deliberately interfere with the management or make a frivolous complaint to the labor trustee. . . . The leader (boss) of the undertaking decides in respect to the followers all matters relating to the undertaking."

Secret investigation reports claim that the Nazis have over 100,000 political prisoners. Fifty thousand of these are in 68 concentration camps. Jails and camps are overcrowded, holding five to six times as many as they should.

The overburdened executioner of Prussia, Groeppler, has tendered his resignation. Groeppler relinquished his post after having executed more than forty death sentences since the establishment of the Hitler dictatorship. His last official act was the execution of three young workers who put up a terrific fight against the prison guards and had to be forcibly dragged to the scaffold. The scene was so terrible that Groeppler suffered a nervous breakdown. Groeppler's letter of resignation states that he feels no longer morally capable to occupy his "honorable position."

The entire workers' council of the important Adler Works near Berlin, consisting exclusively of Nazis, has been summarily deposed, arrested and sent to a concentration camp. The action was taken because the council had protested against further cuts in the workers' wages and had refused to acquiesce to an executive order, stipulating new working hours without an equivalent in wages.

During December, 1933, alone, more than 300 anti-Fascists were sentenced by the German courts to 476 years hard labor and 117 years in prison. There were also three more death sentences which swell the total to 65.

The editor of the former communist paper Klassenkampf at Halle, Fritz Rau, was beaten to death in the Alt Moabit police prison. Relatives were informed that Rau committed suicide and had already been buried at official expense.

AN OPEN CHALLENGE TO DEBATE

as to whether

MARINUS VAN DER LUBBE

(The Dutch Communist assassinated by the Nazi Government)

Was an Outstanding Revolutionist or A Spy and Agent of the Nazis?

SUNDAY, MARCH 25, 1934 AT 2:30 P. M.

at the Labor College, 1254 Market Street

Questions and Discussion **Admission Free**

The International Group of San Francisco has addressed by mail a challenge to the Socialist and Communist party of this city to join in this debate, since both "The New Leader" and the "Daily Worker" have taken the position of denouncing Marinus Van der Lubbe. Both parties have ignored our challenge. We therefore repeat this challenge now in public print. In the event of either party failing to send a representative to debate the issue, the editor of our paper—MAN!—Marcus Graham (who is to be the third in the scheduled debate) will lecture on the same stipulated subject.

International Group of San Francisco

IN RETROSPECT

Marcus Graham.

The Scandal of France

The February insurrection, which was quelled by the Government of France, is of more than passing interest. The facts not to be overlooked are:

Stavisky, the Pole or Russian who made his original appearance in 1921 as a financial wizard—"cleaning" credulous people of ten million francs—was arrested upon the discovery of his swindling transactions. But he made a "successful" disappearance from the claws of the police. In reality tho, as it was soon whispered by everyone, Stavisky reappeared on the gambling market. This time it was no longer as Stavisky—but as Sergei Alexander. Soon afterwards Mr. Alexander-Stavisky was seen consorting with the highest officials in France. He was one of the elite. No one touched him. The Jean Valjean story of Victor Hugo proved itself untrue in his own country—especially as far as it concerned a real swindler, backed by all the surrounding officials. The Bayonne pawnshop which Mr. Alexander-Stavisky turned into a huge country-wide institution, succeeded in mulcting the public of no less than 200 million francs, in valuables and cash. And once again he was arrested. This time the police asserted that he committed suicide. Rumors have it that higher-ups in the Government ordered him put out of the way for fear of what he might reveal.

All this was done under the wings of, and with the connivance of, the Republican Government of France. The spirit of the once liberty-loving French people had become so deadened with indifference to every sort of dishonesty and crookedness perpetrated in their country that it was left for the remnants of the old monarchy—the Royalists—to seize upon this scandal as a heavenly sent horse upon which to ride back to power. That the descendants and disciples of the most brazen pack of leeches and thieves that ever ruled over the people of France should be the ones to start a battle in behalf of "honest" Government is about the strongest indictment that any one could make against the republican form of government, or, for that matter, against any form of government.

If the attempted royalist insurrection exposed the uselessness of republican government as such, the one-day general strike by the workers of France as a demonstration against the threatening rise of republican and monarchical fascism, PROVED itself of even GREATER IMPORTANCE. It served as a WARNING to all the plotting, would-be, fascist dictators that the REAL PEOPLE of France have not spoken as yet. And when the critical moment comes, the people of France may once again demonstrate to the world that the spirit of the Paris Commune, that love for freedom which once burned, is still not totally extinct—that it can be rekindled anew, with more fire and determination turning it into a Social Revolution for the avowed purpose of destroying every form of exploitation and rulership that now reigns supreme in their country.

Cuba Is Safe Again—For Whom?

The "New Deal" messiah is being revealed not only at home, but also abroad. Cuba, with its richest sugar plantations in the world, is at the mercy of a pack of American brigand thieves who have, by hook and by crook, gained "titled rights" to the sugar fields. But these thieves will never do a day's work. They had to get the natives to work the very fruitful land they were robbed of. To achieve all this the thieves needed, not bibles, but bayonets—an army. And "our grand and glorious" U. S. A., that is the government, furnished all of this, aplenty. The aim was achieved all right. So it went on for years. But slaves sometimes start to think. And when they begin to think it is usually followed by action—Rebellion. That is just what happened in 1933 when the bloody Machado was made to flee from the country. The rebelling populace knew what they wanted—to throw off their backs the yoke of the foreign thieves and native henchmen. And our thieves got busy. Mr. Welles, as ambassador of the "New Deal" regime at Washington, attempted to install and to hold a despicable former henchman to wield the iron rod over the people in Cuba, Mr. Cespedes. But the people had no use for him. They thought they wanted the liberal Dr. Grau San Martin. He promised to deliver them from the reigning brigade of thieves. He even decreed that the Cuban Electric Company, subsidiary of Morgan-controlled Electric Bond & Share, should cut its rates 30 per cent. Overnight came the announcement of Dr. Martin's downfall and his replacement by Carlos Mendieta, a new henchman. The thieves are satisfied once again. Their reign has gained a new lease on life. But for how long? The future will give the answer to that.

In the meantime Cuba is once again a safety-berth for thieves, with the blessings of Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

MAN!

A Journal of the Anarchist Ideal and Movement
Issued by the International Group of San Francisco
Editor, **Marcus Graham**

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MAN! will be sent to any individual and library upon request. It intends to subsist solely upon what the readers find it worth. Whenever it begins to fail in receiving the voluntary support that now makes possible its appearance, it will be discontinued.

MAN! invites the collaboration of all workers and artists who are in sympathy with our ideas to send us essays, prose, poems, and drawings. No payment can be made. Where return of manuscripts is desired sufficient postage should be included.

Correspondence Address
1000 *Jefferson Street, Oakland, California, U. S. A.*

Savagery in the Imperial Valley

The agricultural workers of the Imperial valley in California, principally around Brawley, have dared to go out on strike against their unbearable conditions. And the police got busy. So did the sheriffs, judges, and thugs of all kinds. Meetings of strikers were forbidden.

Then the "liberals" of the American Civil Liberties Union got busy. Their attorney, A. L. Wirin, went there, arranged a mass meeting at which he was scheduled to speak. But he reckoned without the minions of the "lawful" brigade. To the hotel where he stayed came the citizenship of "law and order." By a ruse they kidnaped him, hurled him into a machine, savagely beat and abused him, then threw him out on the road, with a warning never to come back to the "imperial" valley, where the constitution is nothing but a huge joke.

Now the Civil Liberties Union is busily engaged appealing to Attorney General Cummins to direct an investigation. Nothing serious will, of course, come out of it, as it didn't from any of the protests made by the Civil Liberties Union in other similar instances. Some day, let us hope, the Civil Liberties Union liberal group will learn something. When they do—they will then understand the futility of appealing to government officials to aid in having any one live up to "constitutional" rights.

The Churches Will Not Change

"The World Tomorrow" gives much space to the fact that 15 questions pertaining to war and peace, economics, and politics were recently sent to 100,000 Protestant ministers and Jewish rabbis by the Church Federation, ministers' unions, and other religious leaders.

To judge by past deeds, the Church and Synagogue spokesmen will not, in the event of a future war, be found in the prisons or concentration camps. They will render "heavenly benediction" to the boys before they are being sent to slaughter, and no doubt will follow the army—way back in the rear.

To prove their sincerity, the religious representatives will have to do more than just send out and answer questionaires. They would do much better to throw off their religious garb, and to join the masses in helping to achieve a heaven right here on earth. There has been more than plenty of the "heaven that is to come." . . . It could be given a well deserved rest.

A New Constitution

At a mass meeting held on January 4th at Cooper Union, New York City, it was decided to petition for a national constitutional convention, because:

> "Our present constitution stands in the way of the changes that are essential. It protects only the rights of the few, and does not protect the human rights guaranteed to all in the Declaration of Independence. The United States is the richest country in the world. With an intelligent organization of our resources, production and distribution, we could all be assured an income equivalent to $5000 a year today."

The Farmer Labor Federation that sponsors this appeal for the petition thus holds out a hope for those in whose name it pretends to speak that sounds very encouraging. But we feel certain that the workers and the farmers who will pay any heed to this appeal are doomed to disappointment.

The issue of our economic plight cannot be solved by assuring any kind of a stipulated sum, nor by inserting on parchment paper a guarantee of human rights.

It is what this petition leaves unsaid that reveals the lack of understanding or sincerity that is behind the sponsoring of such a move. It does not speak of the solution of our system of prevalent inequality and of the NEED TO ABOLISH EVERY FORM OF ECONOMIC EXPLOITATION AND RULERSHIP. For to do this—there would be no longer any need of a pension wage guarantee on paper.

What is really needed, and what these gentlemen of the Farmer and Labor firm are most reluctant to aid in, is the awakening of that consciousness amidst the oppressed of the inalienable right for each and all alike to the bounties created by man with the aid of nature. But to point this out would be to preach Rebellion and Revolution. The would-be saviours prefer to have the people beg and petition, so that when they come to power, the respect for "law and order" will still be secure.

Rebellion Among The Miners

While the convention of the United Mine Workers was in session at Indianapolis, one of its strongest districts in Pennsylvania went out in a protest strike against the N. R. A. bluff, putting forth their own demands. Not only that; they organized a new union: The Anthracite Coal Miners Union. The "National" Labor Board of capitalism and its government immediately "outlawed" the strike. But the workers are used to this sort of action already, and the struggle goes on just the same. Taking into account this most recent outbreak, and the one now going on for the second year in Illinois, conducted by another opposition union, The Progressive Miners, (See article elsewhere in this issue on this struggle.) one can easily realize that the miners are composed of an element that is invincible.

The fact that a resolution was brought before the Indianapolis convention stipulating that no defeated union official can run anew for another office unless he has worked at least one year again in the mines reveals a growing militancy within the organization, or rather in what is left of it.

Mr. John L. Lewis is perceiving the end of his reign. Thus only can be interpreted his readiness to seek and obtain a governmental job on the "national" N. R. A. board. Now he will be in a better position to betray the interests of labor than heretofore. He is thus ending his career as infamously as did John Mitchell. The miners certainly won't cry over his departure. One less traitor to put up with in the long struggle ahead for a better, freer life.

Spark Plugs

"Is there a Non-Aryan in this church?" barked the German priest.

Deep silence.

Again he thundered, "Is there a Non-Aryan here?"

Whereupon Jesus jumped from the cross and silently walked out.

"COLUMBIA, Tenn., Dec. 15 (UP).—County officials today professed ignorance about the size or identity of a mob which lynched a Negro after he had been exonerated by a grand jury on a charge of attacking a white girl."

And this is the result of preaching christianity for nineteen hundred years. What a pleasant world this would be if all these law-abiding Christians would go to—heaven!

What do the Washington investigations into the crooked deals of our multi-millionaires amount to, if they are turned loose again with the permission to play the same old tricks on the public? Barnum and Munchhausen can't beat it.

"I have no pet schemes for saving the nation," says United States Senator Carl Hatch of New Mexico.

Some men will go to any lengths to appear different from their fellows.

He should be dismissed from the Senate as unorthodox.

The idea of not having some pet scheme. What did he want to go to the Senate for in the first place?

Mister Green should first of all clean his Am. Fed. of Labor of its racketeers and cut his own salary before he is recommending it to the new unions now forming under the N.R.A. The company union may be a "joke," as Green has been quoted saying, but, all jokes aside, what has the Am. Fed. of Labor been for the last 25 years?

These "prominent citizens," of which we read so much in the daily papers, are as a rule the most "prominent scoundrels."

"Peace be to man on earth and good will," they sang in Germany during Christmas, while 50,000 prisoners were languishing in concentration camps.

Seventy-six million bibles were distributed in the last 75 years. Bibles can be had for the asking, yet a librarian in Brooklyn reports that the bible is the most stolen book in her library.

"The majority represents not only ignorance, but also cowardice." A. Hitler.

The truth of this statement was proven at the last German election, November 12, when over 40 million ignoramuses and cowards voted approval of Hitler's policies. And he is the acknowledged chief of this army of ignoramuses. What an honor!

What will you have, the gold or silver standard? Since the bankers are in favor of gold, it is logical to conclude that silver would be an advantage to the masses. However, the money question cannot be solved with either standard. If we do away with interests and profits, and use money solely as a medium of exchange and convenience, it makes no difference whether money is coined or printed, made from sheet iron or rags; any material will do for the purpose. Of course I don't expect the Brain Trust in Washington to comprehend this.

I have watched an intelligent American, sovereign citizen reading a newspaper. He bought an evening edition while we both were waiting for a car. He obtained a seat, I stood behind him in the aisle. The first thing, unfolding the paper, was the "funny page." Three minutes afterwards he perused the "sport section," and two minutes later he threw the paper under the seat. What more information does a sovereign citizen need in America?

Said the Pope: "All those who wish for the welfare, peace and concord of the world must firstly, pray; secondly, pray, and thirdly, continue to pray."

So did some farmers during a severe drought, and actually, after six weeks of prayer, the rain came. In the meantime the drought got the best of the harvest; the rain had come too late. It was just one of these little tricks the lord likes to tease his children with when they insist of bothering and bribing him with silly prayers.

And after all, what we write and say is only a repetition of what others have said hundreds of years ago. Listen to old Omar Khayyam from the 11th century:

"These fools, by dint of ignorance most cress,
Think they in wisdom all mankind surpass;
And glibly do they damn as infidel,
Who ever is not like themselves, an ass."

"Ah, love! could thou and I with fate conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire.
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Remould it nearer to the hearts desire!"

Carl Nold.

LONG LIVE THE PARIS COMMUNE!

This is the cry that always re-echoes along the steeped and impervious road of liberty on history's fateful days. It is, at each return, the cry of pride and valor, the cry of life and hope.

The Commune! All the might of Rome cannot trample on it. Republican Rome may grant it privileges and franchises; but it cannot force its right and laws upon it. Imperial Rome recognizes in its flaming hearth of independence and energy the healthiest and mightiest foundation of its own colossal, ever-wavering structure: so it grants its further guarantees.

The Commune, in the Middle Ages, is the only bulwark of liberty.

In the Fifteenth century, when feudalism is gloomily passing away, "Long Live the Commune!" hails the inception of the Renaissance and Free Thought.

And, again, over the smouldering ruins of the Bastille, "Long Live the Commune!" announces to the world the end of divine right, the ultimate fate of absolute monarchies, the proclamation of the rights of man, the Saturnalia of people and liberty.

When the Terror, raving in spasm of suspicion, persecution and murder, after the first five years of the great republic, trods back toward the military dictatorship—the worst of all—that fateful cry of liberty wanes: its echo gurgles feebly under the knife of the guillotine with the last rattle of Saint-Just and Robespierre. But June, 1848 arrives, and it rings again over the barricades. When the little Napoleon closes at Sedan his career of crime and shame, and the trembling minions of September the Fourth kneel to the invader; when the air is filled with pitiful wails and every brow bows in shame, every heart and soul despairs of salvation and future, then "Long Live the Commune!" rings the tocsin anew to the people of Paris, to the ragged plebs of France.

The Paris Commune violently breaks all ties of solidarity and complicity with the central Government, on March 18th, 1871; and proclaims its own right and ability to defend, sustain and govern itself. Even though it is encircled, harrassed, menaced by the rural hordes of Thiers and Gallifet, it blares in face of an amazed world the vindication of the new rights of man, against both ancient and recent usurpations. Against the usurpations of the Church, which it confines to its evangelical ministry by confiscating the property of Congregations and suppressing the Budget of Cult. Against the State, by repudiating its interference with the administration of Province and Commune, by limiting its jurisdiction to international affairs. Against Private Property, by seizing, for the benefit of all and placing to the free use of every worker, shops and factories, all the riches abandoned by their former owners during the siege and the rebellion.

The Paris Commune had only two months of life. Two months of armed strife, of betrayals, of convulsions. And it died on May the 26th, under the fire of the Versailles' restorers of law and order, under the vaults of Lobau Barracks, along the bastions of Satory, against the walls of the Père Lachaise.

But, like the old guard, it died without surrender, without lowering its flag.

Long Live the Commune!

This cry shall ring again to the ultimate victory when, over the ruins of the doomed capitalist system, within the new city blessed by freedom—certainty, well-being and joy shall extract from the coarse shell of the proletarian slave radiant with liberty, courage and pride: Man.

Long Live the Commune!

Luigi Galleani

In Eutropia

(A traveler's observations.)

Zacheas Luciferd.

I have been abroad, looking at the world, and seen some strange and interesting things. I came into a republic called Eutropia, laying West of the North Pole, way out on the coast of the Atlantic. It used to be just an aggregation of people, but is now transformed into an organic Co-operative Commonwealth. Those people have some curious customs and ideas about the fitness of things. They have, of course, popular Government, in fact quite an assortment. Their land is rich, fertile and well provided with metals and other useful minerals. It belongs to all, to the whole people, and is supposed to have been so since the time of creation. This is well recognized in the Law, but the lawyers, of which there is an abundance, rarely say anything about that. The people divide and trade with in to suit their own individual selves. It is the Government's primary function to register and protect the holder's possession. Some of the land is very valuable and brings enormous incomes to the holders from the labor that all the industrious people do on it. The Governments, big and small, all want all the money to spend that they can lay their hands on, but they don't call on the holders of the people's land for any accounting. Instead of doing the obvious, they raise their revenues almost exclusively by fines on industry, and even allow premium for those who hold valuable land out of use, or poorly used. If a man builds a house he is fined for it, the better the house the bigger the fine, and fined every year if he allows it to stand. Such acts are punishable as if they were all wrong. If a farmer improves his land and produces grain or meat to feed the people, or cotton or wool for their clothing, he is fined for doing that. He is fined for having plows and implements, horses or cattle. The manufacturer is fined for producing goods, the merchant for selling them and the buyer for buying. To own or to get an income from anything else than the possession of land or some other special and valuable privilege is treated as a felony, and useful labor looked down on and frowned upon by cultured people, as well as by successful beggars and thieves with or without culture. Every useful activity or undertaking that the Government discovers is punished with fines if it can be made to yield enough to support an office cat.

When all the fines don't suffice for the spending, as sometimes happens, then they borrow from the land holders some of the money that these have collected for the use or sale of the people's land, and grant them a pension for the time of the use of the money. To pay all that they then have to raise the fines, or find something more to punish, most generally both ways.

To a stranger the awkward habits and customs of the Eutropians seem queer, bizarre and bewildering, for they are really a very clever and intelligent people at any undertaking they set their minds to work on.

II.

Among the Eutropians gambling is held in high esteem. It is part of the Government's duties to record important stakes and protect the gambler's winnings, even to collect it for him, if need be. One of the commonest forms of authorized and guaranteed gambling is called "Mort-gage," and it fits its name. It is rated as business, although the only thing it produces is trouble. It is played mostly between land holders and money peddlers, and the principal stake is real estate, i. e., land with or without improvements on it. This is the way it is played: The money gambler gives the land gambler possession of some of his money on condition that he shall get a certain per cent of the sum annually as a pension as long as the game lasts, and then receive back the total. The Government then records it. With this money the land gambler either buys more land, or tries to make his land or business more profitable than he could with his own money only. If the value of his land rises or otherwise increases his income by more than the pension, then he is that much of a winner, and if the gain becomes big enough he may hand the other party his money back and tell him to chase himself for the pension thereafter. On the other hand, if the price of land goes down and business becomes bad so that he can not pay the stipulated pension, then the money gambler calls for the Government's assistance, takes and sells the land and chases the other fellow out. I was told that there are hidden tricks in that game that are all in the money gambler's favor, and that in the end he usually gets the upper hand and the land.

Another mode of gambling is called "Bonding," and this, too, deserves its name, for it binds the people to serve the money peddlers. This, also, is a pension game, and it is carried on through the Government, on a larger scale. When land holders want public improvements, to increase the value of their holdings, they do not themselves put up the money to pay for it. That becomes the Government's business. To provide the money, the Government then prepares promissory notes for suitable amounts and in sufficient quantity, and sells them for what they will bring. These notes are called "Bonds." They are transferable, like other money, and guarantee the holder a certain amount of regular money from the public treasury at some future date and that, in the meantime, he will receive a stated per centage of that amount as annual pension. Then the Government turns the execution of the project over to contractors who conduct the work, spend the money and pocket what they can. To retrieve the money for payment of the pensions the Government then lays fines on those who use the land; and if the supply runs short for payment of the principal when due, then more bonds are fabricated and sold. This always keeps the money peddlers in pension, whether anybody else gets anything left or not. It is a fine game for both them and the land holders, even if somewhat lopsided.

When money, thus supplied, becomes drawn out from the hands of the public by fines, for return to whence it came, there comes a time when the general business of co-operation in the production and distribution of necessities can not function properly, if at all, for lack of money. This reduces the value of land, especially in and around the cities. Then the money gamblers have their innings and the land gamblers their troubles and disappointment. A lot of confusion ensues for a while, and the toilers are given a vacation. But before the mess is all cleared up the game usually starts again.

III.

Eutropia's most comprehensive and best organized gambling outfit is one they call "Corporation System." It comprises many separate units, some very large ones, all working more and less in harmony, and maintaing gambling houses in common in the principal cities. It is a double-barreled device, or rather triple; it provides for both contingent and fixed pensions, and also for gains and losses in its gaming houses. It is truly the gaming system par excellence for Eutropia's pension-seeking gamblers. Thanks to this device and the Government's peculiar fiscal system, there are now a number of pensioners receiving millions a year each and untold thousands getting various lesser amounts, who never in their lives did a year's useful work but what they were paid for at the time of doing it. I heard the opinion expressed by economic experts that it would soon become absolutely necessary to cut down on the already meager allowance for the public servants if the people were to keep up with their obligations to the economic pensioners, whose claims are automatically growing.

When a game has run its course and all the money that was found going round are raked in, then comes a pause. On such occasions the working people are given a holiday vacation, while the successful gamblers are scraping together their winnings, arranging for their disposition and consolidating their pensions. This much accomplished and bums eliminated, the activities gradually start anew.

Iu Eutropia the Corporation gambling system is a self-

(*Continued on Page Eight.*)

GIUSEPPE ZANGARA

There are moments when the resentment of an oppressed people becomes crystallized in the personality of one man. From the ghetto or the push-cart comes a lowly champion of humanity, and his assassination of a tyrant dramatizes the age-old struggle. The black judges tremble for their sins unpunished; the apathetic lull of the masses deepens into a whisper, and we know that the denouement has been reached though we sit through many wearying epilogues.

I care not whether the conventional radicals adjudge Giuseppe Zangara's tactic to be right or to be wrong. Humanity has never incurred any loss by the absence of one less monster clad in the garb of authority. Giuseppe has earned his admission into that illustrious fraternity which includes Shelley and Byron, Bartolomeo Vanzetti and Padriac Pearse. A mind like his, so sensitive that it takes upon itself

Giuseppe Zangara

—Linoleum cut by D. Chun.

the anger and suffering of mankind, is beyond traducing. For it displays the only altruism worth mentioning: that which is deepened by hate and uncompromising revolt.

It is a biting caricature of the thing which we call Justice that an oppressor sleeps on perfumed sheets in the White House and that a deliverer sleeps underneath the dust in Florida. Roosevelt—the symbol of shameless wrong; Giuseppe—the implacable idealist. The sharp flash of a pistol, and one already hears the crackling of electricity in the death-chamber. A paunchy Mayor receives the missile instead; and the strumpet journals offer up obscene thanks for the sparing of the President.

An insane fanatic would have shot blindly and probably taken his own life as well. Giuseppe, in full possession of his faculties (a fact since admitted by the medical hirelings who examined his brain), desired only to destroy the elected viceroy of the plunderers. Candidly, he told the officers that he had no designs upon the life of the retiring President, Hoover. But conscious of the malpractice of all rulers, he realized that Roosevelt would follow in the path of Hoover, that the gilded campaign, hypocrisies regarding "the forgotten man" would materialize into increased exploitation of the masses. Disregarding any thought of personal security, he decided to slay Roosevelt as a gesture in defense of the masses.

He could have continued his existence of slow starvation, this little man in blue overalls. Not as yet have the workers been denied stale soup and brackish coffee. He could have lived out his life, picking refuse from the alleys and sleeping on the hard benches of the parks. When the taxed body could no longer have borne the strain, there would have been an inconspicuous plot of ground in the potter's field, and that long festering of the flesh in which the last traces of identity are erased. But Giuseppe chose the path of the revolutionist.

Let us admit that Revolution is a principle of the universe; that the irreconcilable conflict of the idealist with his environment is something which transcends dogma and discipline; that no social system, however efficient mechanically, can dim the vision of what might be spiritually. Zangara saw the vision and died condemning those who marred its splendor. Zangara, with the dawn of justice in his soul, scorned the cassocked monk who invaded his cell, and the marionette jurist who sent him to the chair.

I think of him as a flaming arrow through the ages, as the latest martyr of the deathless struggle. In the name of a New Deal, labor is scourged to the mart. In the name of Love, the red-cheeked girls still beckon from the windows. But Giuseppe's writhings in the chair symbolize the convulsions of a new age in birth, and our remembrance of him implies the titanic victory.

And to those millions who will follow, numberless as the sands of the sea, I would commemorate one of the forerunners. Not till the last jail be wrecked and the last slum be levelled, shall we forget him. Rest in peace, Giuseppe. Already one hears the tread of marching feet.

Harold Preece

WHAT OUGHT to be the ANARCHIST ATTITUDE towards the MACHINE?

It is indeed surprising to read in the columns of MAN! the various attempts of the editor to impress upon the minds of its readers, that one of the causes for the many ills inflicting humanity, is to be found in the mechanical development of production, and that therefore, the machine is nothing but a curse to be dreaded, and pointing the way for mankind to recuperate a lost joy by simply stepping back a little and reviving the blessed days of handicraft when man had happiness aplenty; thus leaving a person to draw the conclusion, that, if he is to be found reverting, then, why not go to the extent of growing a tail and of having again the good old cocoanut diet?

If such an attitude were held by any one else, it could be taken hilariously, but, coming from the editor, it has the tendency of leaving the readers, those not so well acquainted with the theory of Anarchism, under the impression that such an opinion is held by the Anarchist movement as a whole, thus, helping to create a greater confusion (as if there was any need for it) in regards to the aims and objectives of the Anarchist.

I shall not by any means, assume, as it would be ridiculous to do so, that the dawning of the mechanical age has been of any help in bringing mankind much nearer to the goal of peace and contentment, for indeed, mankind is as restless today as it has ever been, or more so, but, equally ridiculous is the assumption that man has cast away joy with the old garments of primitiveness, for, never has he been in possession of such a treasure as joy, as it has always appeared to him only in the form of a sphinx, spurring or alluring him to the conquest of adverse odds. If the numerous obstacles hindering the way in his triumphant march to a more harmonious life, if humanity in its onward struggle has cast aside what appears alluring to our editor, it is obvious that, while tried, it was found wanting—inadequate to fill man's longings and needs,—thus necessitating a substitute, which, man found through the development of the machine.

It appears parodoxically indeed, that, while man was crowned with success in creating the means to produce the necessary things of life in such an abundant proportion, more than he can need to consume, and to dispose of more time to play and to study, he should find himself a victim of the most dire want, and surrounded by the most inexplicable ignorance, sinking deeper and deeper in brutalization. It is enough to make an optimist despair of the possibility of mankind's ability to arise (but which it must do if the will to live has not flown from man entirely). But then, in spite of it all, to consider the machine the responsible factor for the present plight of humanity, is besides being absurd, also detrimental, for it tends to shield the real cause and to retard the effect of the Anarchist teachings in their efforts to make the oppressed realize that the way to plenty and happiness is to wrest the machine from the hands of those who only make use of it for exploitation in order to enrich themselves, and to put it at the service of humanity, along with the other necessary requirements to make a society of free and equal individuals, wherein filth and corruption, want and ignorance, shall have no reason to exist; for the causes of those effects will be eliminated, through the elimination of the parasitical strata of society, responsible for all the ills that afflict humanity today; then, when freedom shall reign, will man realize the good that he shall derive from the most fateful servant of mankind—the machine!

P. ZIANO

It is true that the greater part of the Anarchist movement holds an opposite view to the one I have expressed in the Anarchist press since 1925. The group that entrusted me with the editing of MAN! knew this fact very well. Upon receiving the dissenting attitude of Comrade Ziano, as that also of a few others, I raised the issue before the Group. I stated that, in dealing with various subjects, I cannot express them any differently from what I think about them, even when such opinions should happen to be at variance with the generally accepted attitude of our movement. After a thorough discussion the Group expressed its unanimous support of my right to express myself as I think on any social subject that arises.

Comrade Ziano's main line of disagreement is based upon the general conception, accepted by the Anarchist movement, as expressed by Peter Kropotkin in "Modern Science and Anarchism." In that study Kropotkin accepts the **machine** as an instrument that will prove an aid to man's liberation, when placed at the service of mankind.

I think that the future will prove that Kropotkin, from an Anarchist point of view, has, in accepting thus the machine, made one of the gravest errors. Such an attitude was perfectly logical for the Marxian school of thought, but certainly not for the Anarchist.

In reality, man will never be able to master the machine without the sacrifice of endangering human life. Why? Because man will always remain a human being whose very vibration of life is motivated by innumerable emotions, habits, intuitions, and impressions. It is perfectly all right for inventors to conceive safety devices of all sorts, and for aspiring socialist and communist politicians to promise the Dawn of a Day when the entire world will become such an accident-proof straight-jacket that man will be enabled to control every sort of machine through the mere pressing of this or that button. But for an Anarchist—who aspires to unloosen wide and afar man's ingenuity, initiative and independence—to think likewise is, to put it mildly, quite a contradiction.

To illustrate why I contend that there can never dawn that day when the machine will not jeopardize human life. In 1931 New York City had one of its "usual" subway tragedies. The man who handles the lever that throws the switching line for the different lines under the Time Square station had pulled the wrong lever. The result was about 50 human beings killed, and twice that many wounded. The man was perfectly sane and sober. No one could even conceive of his having done such a thing willfully. Perhaps he was overworked or fatigued. He could have been. But it might have been something else, too. He might have been dreaming of sunshine up above, or of his close relations and friends. Who knows? He is a human being. But he has been entrusted with an inhuman job: to hold in his hands the fate of hundreds, nay thousands of people. The "best" ruler over any people sooner or later becomes despotic by the very fact of having power in his hands. As Anarchists we are unequivocally opposed to any sort of rulership or exploitation of man over man. Why then turn around and render the same sort of power over to any man in the use of the machine which at all times endangers the lives of others and often that of the wielder himself?

Hundreds of thousands of workers own some sort of automobile. And how many fatal accidents transpire every moment of their use? Certainly no one can vouchsafe the assertion that machine drivers intentionally get into accidents that sometimes cost their own lives. At the end of 1933 the State of Pennsylvania announced that there have been "officially" recorded in that State no less than **three million accidents!!**

All such facts should be of very grave concern to each and all of us as Anarchists. For human life is to us the most sacred thing; we wish not only to achieve liberty to those that live, **but also to safeguard the right of every living soul not to be sacrificed upon the false altar of a false god—to wit, the machine.**

As an Anarchist I am in favor of the destruction of every power on earth that tends to hinder the liberation of mankind from all forms of oppression and rulership. But I am just as emphatically opposed to the endangering or destruction of a single human life in the name of a new devouring monster now preying upon mankind—the machine. Anarchy, to me, means an ethical conception of life. Liberty without encroachment upon any one else's freedom, least of all, upon any one else's life. **To forget that Anarchy is an ethical approach towards life in all the domains which tend to create happiness for each and all alike, is to forget the fundamentally and basic principles of Anarchy.**

Since Comrade Ziano grants that the **machine** has so far brought only misery to mankind, I have only this to add: Most of the capitalists are preferring the employment of all sorts of safety devices (especially is this true of the Bolshevik government of Russia), but still, the toll in human life by the continued use of the machine is not decreasing but growing in proportion to its increasing use.

Comrade Ziano thinks that my opposition to the machine as an instrument for mankind's liberation is harming the cause. Now this is taking for granted a little too much. No one has ever condoned in the pages of MAN! the present thieves who control the machines. Perhaps, in the final end, my anti-machine attitude may prove as much of a contributing factor towards the disintigrating break-down of slavery as Comrade Ziano's pro-machine attitude. As Anarchists we hold the right to **suggest new and different** methods of combat in the struggle for freedom. It can only **become harmful** to our ideal to suggest **compromising methods** at the expense of the ultimate aim: **Freedom.**

Comrade Ziano has therefore no more ground to conclude that my anti-machine attitude is harming the cause than I would to assert that his pro-machine attitude tends to do the same thing.

The assertion made by Comrade Ziano that primitive man got tired of his sort of life and chose the machine as a substitute, is far from correct. In examining any of the historical facts dealing with the manner in which the machine is adopted in any of the still primitive countries, it will be found that commercialism, signifying, of course, exploitation and rulership, is at the helm of fostering the machine in all such instances. One has only to listen to the wailings of the American exploiters, of the unwillingness of the primitive Mexicans or Negroes in the South to work at all, least of all to endanger their lives by the use of machines.

Comrade Ziano does not speak of the joy (that fountain from which mankind is still drinking—all the great philosophies, musical creations, sculptures, paintings, poetry, novels and drama) which has all been conceived and created in that period of mankind when the machine monster was yet an unknown thing. And what has mankind contributed toward the intellect ever since this monstrous machine has come into more and more vogue? One great line of zeros along any branch of art spoken of at the beginning of this paragraph.

The machine, as a savior of man, is also associated with the hatred toward toil now prevailing everywhere. But this is another error wrongly placed. Toil for one's own needs gives one self-expression and joy. It is the exploitation of toil that is the only curse that mankind suffers from.

The machine to me is an attempt to mechanize life. As an Anarchist I oppose such an unnatural anti-Anarchist approach towards the solution of our present enslavery. I am struggling and hoping for the Dawn of that Day when man shall at last come into his own: a natural, self-reliant, intuitive, colorful, handicraft creator of all those needs and things that will give us joy—the Joy of the Free Life in a Liberated Society.

Marcus Graham

Carbon Monoxide

"Wo Alles liebt, kann ich allein nicht hassen" i. e., "Where everyone seems soaked in love, I cannot hold aloof in dry hatred," or somewhat of that tenor. Gleefully I rejoice in the dry humor issuing in the shape of dry spark plugs from the dry batteries of Fordonia, and yet of late I actually wonder at the manifest drying up of spiritual sources, as evidenced in the last "Appeal to Common Sense," the well-meant suggestion "to stop all Anarchist papers that are published in America in foreign languages" . . . "the old comrades are departing fast, the new generation is speaking and reading English. A few more years and you will be compelled to give them up anyhow. Why not now and all concentrate all strength behind one English Anarchist paper. . . . "

What are we coming to if the oldest, most faithful war horses of idealism are gruesomely being transmuted from the phantastic Rosinante of romance into plain prosaic clod-plotter Bill, with a dilapidated straw hat to protect the numbed brain from light and sun alike—Whoa Bill!—step up!—get in line!—discard the speech which was good enough, sweet enough, rich enough, fond and expressive enough for your good mother, long gone, and adopt in its place the language of utilitarian selection par excellence, yet of little grace in its "basic" rebirth—trample in the dust the few wildflowers left in foreign speech, delicate things of ephemerour, yet eternal, ever reborn beauty, and chew the humble oats of possible propaganda fruition amongst the pillars of the ethics of Rotary, the charity of Elks and other horned symbol-followers, amongst the followers of the gentle Nazarene from the Pope to Aimee. Destroy your little gardens of beauty and hope, to plant sordid acreage of cabbage, and potatoes, and cotton to be knit into benevolent socks for the African heathen. Do **not** aspire, **descend. Stop** dreaming, **shovel!** Stop being an individual aspiring to be in the breakers of the storm, stay in the backwash, and gargle basic—BASIC—B*A*S*S*S*I*C—that wonderful fleshless, soulless, spiritless "Mammachen Fleisch" (meat masticated by mother dear for the tiny darling) instead of levering up to the highest standard of possibility, level yourself **down,** to the standard of them asses, lose your individuality, limit your vocabulary and "then you would have something to be proud of and a new stimulation for propaganda."

What a sad aberration! They say you can lead a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink. Say—did you ever try it on a jackass? He will not read, whatever the language, simplex or complex, foreign or native. Did I say "native"?? My mistake. The natives are living in reservations, and the descendants of foreigners are trying to cheat them of their last scraps of holdings. Foreign-speech comrades, keep up your work, your undying spirit of sacrifice, and don't worry about your prognosticated dying out linguistically. For, if you keep up your ideals consistently and persistently, refusing to be standardized by Radio and Basic alike, you will carry into your languuage of ultimate adoption the idiomatic beauties of your own, handed down by Dante and Petrarch, Cervantes and Camoes, Goethe and Tolstoy, Cech and Tagore, YOU will lift the level of beauty, of intellect, of speech, of thought, of action, by your addition, by your example; you will be the leaven in the dead native pseudo-intellectual dough, for the rising of a loaf, a staff of life worth while of the future. Of course I am an impractical fool. I do know it, and I don't give a DAMN.

I like your paper, even if it is much and oft quite personally critcized. The funniest criticism is that of language. So oft I meet folks who sincerely say: "You side with the wrong paper. MAN! is an Italian paper with English vocabulary, and not an idiomatic American paper." And then they fully relish delving into the well-meant verbosity of a Yiddish paper with English vocabulary.

Why that silly talk of idiomatic language on the part rather recent adepts in a foreign composite speech of world-wide, and history-deep, permanent borrowing, and consequent second-hand enrichment? If we are allowed to appropriate words, why not also idioms and figures of speech, and foreign folks' wisdom, to supply the better the predatory larder of our literary provender? I am not quite sure what jargon I write in, and I don't care. As long as a **Thing is said,** it matters hardly in what medium it found its language-garb. Some folks like it. And others needn't read it, if it gives them a pain, since, so far, I have never voiced myself any complaint in public when I had to read some of THEIR quirks of often equally unintelligible idiomatic verbosity. To Hades with Hades-sent Basics, and ALL-AMERICAN LANGUAGE straitjackets of the dryest makeup.

Slovak

Books and Pamphlets Received

Banners of Brotherhood. An Anthology of Social Vision Verse. Compiled and edited by Ralph Cheyney. The Driftwind Press, North Montpellier, Vermont.

Diversity of Darkness, by Jacob Hauser, 335 W 28th Street, New York City.

The Human Body—How It Works and Dawn Noon Twilight, by Dr. Henri Maurice Landworth, 2731 California Street, San Francisco, California.

Humanism and New World Ideals, by Oliver L. Reiser. The Antioch Press, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

Native American Anarchism, by Eunice Minette Schuster. Smith College Studies in History, Northampton, Mass.

Poverty (in a world of abundance is a **Crime**), by Gustav Schultz, 2604 Amherst Avenue, Butte, Montana.

Les Precurseurs de L'anarchisme, by E. Armand, Orleans, 22, cité St. Joseph, France.

The Significance of the College Peace Poll, by Frank Olmstead. War Resisters League, 171 West 12th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Syllabus of Civilization. In Three Parts. By Frederick J. Gould, Armorel, Woodfield Avenue, Ealing, W. 5, England.

* * * *

I am glad to see that the terror at disunion and anarchy is disappearing. Massachusets, in its heroic days, had no Government, was an Anarchy. Every man stood on his own feet, was his own governor, and there was no breech of peace from Cape Cod to Mount Hosac.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

ART and LITERATURE

Ode To Fire

Arise
Upon the waste-land once again,
O Inspiration with your flaming eyes
And with an exhortation to all men . . .
The earth now lies
Barren, like a dumping-ground for trash,
Mounded with rusty iron, surrounded with the sighs
Of desolation, and the soggy splash
Of reptiles, gorging green on worms and flies.
O purifying angel,
Before you loose the fertile stream
Of water and of air,
Carpeting the earth with verdure, and the gleam
Of flowers ascending, ascending in a dream
Of odor, color into receptive skies;
Lash out with lightning of your sword,
Ignite the trash with blazing of your eyes,
With a final searing word
Evacuate the frogs from prospective paradise!
Lightning is a thing of flame;
Beauty is a thing of fire—
Before the loveliness of trees may spire
And man may lift adoring voice to name
The elements fulfilling his desire,
The lightning-blast must raise
The temple built of trash, in Mammon's praise . . .
There is a lyric flame in the moon,
Love's breath is warm with a gentle glow;
Flowers, too, throb and burn in slow
Sacrifice upon the pyre of noon
Fraught with frankincense and azure breath,
Where with sweet burning, roses
And lovers sink to voluptuous death:
But before the gentler flames may rise
In flowers and dim emotion,
Destructive fire must take the earth for prize
Heaving and roaring in a scarlet ocean.
Then the grass may grow and the waters flow
Over earth secure with bread and warm with bloom;
With tender and with slow
Dwindling may we go
To the urn-burial of the tomb—
Back to the earth from earthly paradise.

JACOB HAUSER.

As They Sowed

The element of discontent is wild,
Unrest is surging through the questioning crowd,
Rebellion's accent waxing strong and loud—
The sanctimonious no longer mild,
The grip of justice closing on its hold
And trusting labor rising to its own,
No longer thankful for the proffered bone,
Defiantly refuses to be sold.

The masters sense the loosening of their grip
And know the look that comes with unchained scorn
And recognize their child in hatred born
And trembling hear the swish of their own whip;
They reared, but cannot stifle discontent
And now they'll reap deserving increment.

JACK GREENBERG

"Man Is The Measurement of Everything"

(Dedicated to M. G.)

Man is the measure, not man on his knees
But man erect in his pride,
Not man with the gestures of beggarly pleas
But man with his arms stretched wide,
With his arms flung out across all seas
With nothing at all to hide,
His arms reached out to give, not seize,
With a love that won't be denied.

(Can't you see him: Man—with mountains scratching his ankles and cities under the arches of his feet, the mists and clouds of superstition down around his knees, and he blinking? Warming his hands over that coal: the sun, but sleepy still. Not quite used to standing up on his own feet. You've seen men, but have you seen Man? Too big for any one man to see all he is . . .)

But man is no god for you to adore.
When he rose the godkins died.
For man is yourself and your comrades—no more—
But millions multiplied.
And creeds and states he would have you abhor
That craftily seek to divide.
The greatest gift you can add to his store
Is yourself, love-magnified.

RALPH CHEYNEY.

* * * *

CORRECTION

Miss Jeanette Seletz is the authoress of the poem: "Through My Window"—which appeared on this page in the last issue.

Book Review

"What Everybody Wants to Know About Money." — **Pierre Ramus.**

This is the title of a book which is supposed to give the "non-specialist" a planned outline of monetary problems. It has appeared just before the close of 1933 in London (Victor Gollanz, Ltd.), and is written by nine Economists from Oxford. They are headed by that once very promising gentleman of "guild-socialism," Mr. G. D. H. Cole, who has planned and edited this book and who is therefore mostly responsible for its content, and also, incidentally, for the abuse of the publishing firm, if it be an abuse and the same time is not out only for the money of the unaware public, but wants to enlighten it.

Its title ought rather to be: "What everybody does NOT want to know about money, because he knows it anyhow." At any rate, after having carefully perused the book, I can assure everybody who wants to know anything essential about money that he will not gather it out of this book and will have to confess to himself, more honestly than the compilers and publishers of it, after having read it: that he still wants to know about money what everybody does NOT know about it. . .

Far be it from me to maintain that the authors of the various chapters do not know that what they have not told, consciously omitted. They know all about it very well, but Mr. Cole, a "Reader in Economics at the Oxford University, and also a Fellow of University College, Oxford," has, out of the honesty of his guild-socialist conviction, not seen it fit to tell the workpeople that sort of truth of which he surely is aware of, namely, that money and its whole system has nothing whatsoever to do with economics, but is a political means of all governments whereby to uphold their capitalist monopoly against the real economical interests of the whole of society, counteracting every real economical activity on the part of the whole commonwealth, by enslaving, exploiting, ruling and subduing the broad masses for the benefit of the few monied capitalists. That money, as a governmental monopoly, has nothing whatsoever to do with the real character of a medium of exchange, even if one is of the opinion that one needs it and would not be much better off with simply granting the individual the socially guaranteed right to assign himself so much of the social wealth as he or she need, without the always cumbersome coin or note of money altogether.

All these problems do not concern the very learned gentlemen who have contributed their share of platitudes to this book. What they offer in it is simply to give a tedious and very superfluous rehash of money and its swindling activities. Much better than they, because more lively, this is offered in any commercial school or even course in bookkeeping. Verily, is it really necessary to tell mankind what a currency and central banking is, without telling its real monopolistic scheme, but to befuddle the mind of the worker with the lie that "money is a means to freedom of choice for the individual"? A nice "freedom of choice" for those who are in the category of wage-slaves with a scanty pittance, and a still nicer "freedom of choice" for the many millions of unemployed with or without the dole.

But the authors are of the opinion that they are not supposed to show how money creates unemployment, want, underproduction and under-consumption and is solely for this reason upheld, because otherwise monopoly could not be perpetuated. Their great "enlightenment" about money consists therein to inform a breathless listening ignorant multitude of what "commercial banks" and "credit" and "foreign trade" and "capital and investments," and prices and savings and the "public (?) finance" are. As to the money-fleeced people we may assure it that it will not gather the least useful information of any positive nature out of all these dissertations. It is produce which money is robbing away from the producer and for which purpose of a non-economical sort it exists. Without the least inkling of this, are those who know nothing about money told about that, least of all is there shown in the book the way this robbery scheme of money works.

There is only one chapter in the book of a relative interest. It is written by Mr. H. T. N. Gaitskell, who, knowing what a bad case he represents in not showing* up the monetary system, as Proudhon, Josiah Warren, Tolstoy, etc., have done it. This chapter deals with four heretics who have to a certain extend, looked through the non-economical fraud which governmentally monopolized money is, as it just now most glaringly shows itself in the United States of America where a gang of politicians for their own benefit are creating an "inflation" just at the very moment when the State Treasury has more gold than it ever possessed in the history of the American Government. Unfortunately these heretics have also only partly shown up the swindle of the monetary game played by the governments against the working peoples of all countries. Nevertheless, Mr. Gaitskell seems to understand that even the errors of these four heretics are more worth for mankind than all the "truths" which the Economists can give us about money, by upholding its present role of the most violent means of monopolization through the coercive force and violence of government, the state.

May no one be misled in believing that Mr. Cole is trying to show this when he deals with "Money and the World Crisis."

He offers no attempt to prove that it is only the money-monopoly of government which is at the root of the whole world crisis as far as it concerns mankind. Mr. Cole, the progressive guild-socialist, is only concerned with the world crisis as far as it disturbs capitalism. He looks on very complacently how governments are experimenting to overcome it, and it does hardly matter to Mr. Cole if they succeed at the cost of human life and the robbed producers of all, at the cost of diverse smaller fry of human existences, and, last but not least, at the cost of the employed as well as the unemployed. The main thing is for Mr. Cole that the quantity theory of money should come to be allright and to solve the problem—not how to **abolish** "a monetary system which has in effect again and again thrown the entire productive organization out of gear and condemned many millions of people to unemployment and unnecessary poverty." Nay, for him the problem is, how to patch it up, this noble monetary system, by some sort of a "control," which is so imaginary that he himself must say: "I am far from suggesting that the technique of control, needed to remedy this situation, has yet been fully worked out, or that there is general agreement among skilled persons about **the basic principles** of monetary management."

Notwithstanding this, he ventures to suggest a "socialization of banking" and a "really effective control over the operation of private business" by a "Socialist Government," which is about tantamount to saying by a "Capitalist Socialism." Thus he assures us that just such a conglomeration of politicians who surely are for him the "skilled people"—skilled in deceiving the people, to be sure—and who, according to his own statements, do not even universally understand "the basic principles of monetary management," will help the world out of the abyss into which governmentalism has thrown it. How well such a "Socialist Government" can give us a Cole-solution of the monetary problem is best seen in Russia at the present time, where we perceive shudderingly (at a "Communist" rate of state-capitalism of more than 10 per cent of "non-exploiting" interest . . .) the monetary usury-policy of a "Socialist Government," by far exceeding through its uncontrolled "control" of money the bourgeois fraud of Western Europe.

Mr. Cole has not given us a real explanation of what money is—but at least he has shown to government and the money-power of plutocracy how the self-styled leaders of "a new socialism" are hoodwinking the masses over the real problems of money. Probably the masses will thereby learn to recognize that there is, after all, no great difference between the hoodwinking of fascism or pseudo-socialism, even if styled "guild-socialism," both of which are very earnestly striving in common to keep the workers away from what they could find out wherein money consists, and also how to reach the emancipation from it and government—namely, from Anarchism.

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*We think it only fair to point out to Mr. Gaitskell that he has overseen one not unimportant heretics in **Otto Heinz** and his scheme of an "Equitable money-circulation" which has gained in Austria tens of thousands of adherents.

Street Walker

William Allen Ward.

On a narrow side street the garment factory, like a monster, raised its nude brick shoulders. Inside, thin, care-worn women, all old in looks while some were young in years, used needle and machine to make dresses, coats, stockings. They were the textile workers who turned into white fabric the cotton from the Southern fields.

The foreman had won promotion as a result of his ability to squeeze more work out of tired women. A few cents for a garment, according to his report to the directors, was good pay. So, the women learned to miss meals and toil in order that children in tenement houses might have at least a bottle of milk. One day a director in the textile mill said it would be a good publicity stunt to announce a raise in salaries! This director was a power in the First Baptist church—his wife was president of the Ladies' Aid Society. He could pray very loudly when in church all the while looking at the nicely curved ankle of the pretty organist.

So, a salary raise was announced. Bring back prosperity was the cry. As a result a mother who worked in the garment factory made two cents more a day. Meanwhile the director, who happened to own a dairy in a rural community, announced an increase in milk. So, when the tired mother returned home she found that it took all of her increase and one cent besides to pay the increase in milk price.

Meanwhile Susie Dunigan, who had married young and whose husband had gone to the pen for burglary, was trying mighty hard to go straight. The preacher had told her about hell and all such things so she tried to keep clean.

She made only enough money to buy milk and bread for her baby and an occasional bite for herself. Then milk increased in price. The landlord read the papers and determined that a good way to bring prosperity was to raise rent. This he did and Susie went to the wall—she just could not exist.

For a moment she was silent—she was thinking about a few things! Across the street the big car of the boss was parked. Inside was a woman who smoked a cigarette. Susie was no fool, the woman once worked in the garment factory. She was a good looker and the boss gave her dough . . . bought her dresses—carried her places. She didn't live straight . . . she was too smart!

Susie smiled a smile of hate. Then she sang a lullaby as her baby went to sleep. A few minutes later Susie, painted and fairly attractive despite the care-worn look, was on the streets whispering to men. Virginity comes easily to those who never need to pawn it for a meal ticket.

Susie cashed in. Soon she had money to buy food—clothes . . . to give her baby sufficient food. At the Ladies' Aid Society, the director's wife, horrified at reports that a textile worker should become a whore said sadly: "its the class of women . . . you can't expect anything else from persons who are low born."

The Significance of Recent Events in Spain

January 8, 1933! December 8, 1933! Two uprisings of the workers in Spain, one at the beginning, the other at the end of the same year! The thoughtful observer will not fail to grasp the significance of these two dates. Their meaning is made still clearer when we take into consideration the scope of the December revolt and the social character of its aims.

It was the first attack against the new bourgeois Republic of Spain—the first one organized on a large scale by the Confederation Nacional del Trabajo and conducted in its name. That explains the general mass character of the uprising of December 8, far larger and more country-wide than that of January 8, which latter had not been directly undertaken by the C. N. T.

It was also the first time that the C. N. T. proclaimed, in the December revolt, the social revolutionary principles of the movement. That is the more important since those basic principles must necessarily lead to new methods,—that is, to tactics that will strengthen and perfect the former methods. The most vital and significant feature of them is THE ORGANIZATION OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION for the abolition of the State, and preparation for the day after the revolutionary triumph.

This phase of the revolutionary movement was clearly stated in the proclamation of the C. N. T.:

"Mills, factories, and other industrial establishments are taken in charge by the organized workers, as well as the sources of supply. They are to be conducted and managed by factory committees with a view to continuing production for the benefit of the people.

"All trade and business are taken possession of by district committees authorized to distribute the foodstuffs and products and to secure the further systematic supply of the city.

"The banks come under the control of the revolutionary committees.

"That the factory and shop committees may intelligently and effectively carry out their duties, it is necessary that the organized labor masses should learn beforehand, beginning right now, just what they will have to control and how they will do it. The very first thing to be accomplished will be the carrying on of production to the full extent needed by the country."

This declaration of the C. N. T. is of utmost import and far-reaching consequences. For indeed there is nothing more vital and urgent on the day after the Revolution than the problem of continued production and proper distribution. The first problem of the Revolution is to secure improved conditions of existence. The success of it depends upon the revolutionary committees of district and city being well prepared for their duties. This can be accomplished only by the labor organizations beginning NOW to study these questions and to fit themselves for the task of managing production and supplying the city and country with the necessaries of life.

Furthermore: that the banks may fulfill their revolutionary function, it is necessary that organized labor familiarize itself with the international role of money. This is imperative as long as the revolutionary country is surrounded by capitalist neighbors. It were a fatal mistake to leave the solution of all these and similar important problems for the day after the Revolution. These matters must be studied and settled before that time.

However, above all it is to be borne in mind that the main and most immediate work of the revolution itself is to paralyze the machinery of capital and government. This does not involve only the taking possession of the land, mills and factories. It refers also, and at the same time, to the taking charge of all means of transport and communication, including the railroads, post, telegraph, telephone, radio. This is necessary in order to disorganize the ruling powers and deprive them of the immediate means of resistance. When that is accomplished, the police and military forces of State and capital remain without direction, without orders. That is the psychological moment to bring them over to the side of the revolutionary people. The propaganda and agitation carried on among them beforehand will naturally serve to make this task easier. As long the central and local governments are not brought to confusion and disorganization, they will always manage to secure armed slaves to defend them and their privileges. It is of this possibility they must be deprived first of all. In this regard the C. N. T. has made the first step.

The events of December 8th have been a great experience for the revolutionary masses of Spain. They have learned from them many lessons that will be of the greatest value in the near future.

Europe is in danger of sinking into the barbarism of Fascism. Spain has raised high the banner of liberation, declaring war to the death to Fascism and reaction. The proletariat of the whole world must be vitally interested in the great struggle of the revolutionary masses of Spain, the workers of Spain need the solidarity and aid of their brothers throughout the world, for the day is not far off when their fighting organization, the C. N. T. of Spain, will proclaim libertarian communism in the first decisive battle for the international Social Revolution.

Bulletin January 15, 1934. International Working Man's Association

The December uprising, according to the C. N. T., is " . . . the first one organized on a large scale" by its organization. Thus is also explained its having been of far more importance than the January 8, "which latter had not been directly undertaken by the C. N. T."

This is incorrect. The C. N. T. did have something to do with the January 8th uprising. First, it did aid in its preparation. Second, it abandoned it to the extent of denouncing it as inspired by the reactionary forces of Spain. Thus is fully substantiated the position taken by MAN! in the December issue: that the only revolution which the C. N. T. is willing and ready to support is the one which shall have "been directly undertaken by the C. N. T." "and conducted in its name." This, we repeat, is a most authoritarian attitude and not at all compatible with our Anarchist ideal.

Equally authoritarian is the assertion for the need of "the organization of the social revolution for the abolition of the state," and "the C. N. T. will proclaim libertarian communism in the first decisive battle for the international Social Revolution."

This is not our understanding of the Anarchist attitude toward Revolution. Nor do we expect Libertarian Communism to come about in such a manner. It is to be regretted that the Anarcho-Syndicalist C. N. T. of Spain fails to realize (as does, also, the Iberian Anarchist Federation), that its attitude, as outlined above, is akin to the one assumed by the Bolshevik and Socialist school of thought.

It is our place as Anarchists to be with and in every struggle for liberty that the masses begin. We may of course try to influence the struggle by imbueing it with our ideas and tactics. But the revolution itself is, and should at all times be, above any party faction.

Our heart beats for every uprising for liberty attempted by the people of Spain—including the one of January 8th. This, however, cannot stop us from criticizing the C. N. T., which, speaking in the name of Libertarian Communism, (which is our ideal), displays by its actions and by its words, such an utter lack of understanding of this very ideal.

—Editor

Degrading and Shameful!

Not satisfied with the printing of Rudof Rocker's slanderous accusation against Marinus Van der Lubbe, (which accusation we asked Rocker to prove, and which he has not done as yet), the "Freie Arbeiter Stimme" has come out with the following editorial in its issue of December 22, 1934:

"Who is Van der Lubbe? This the trial has left in the dark. All that is known is that he himself has confessed, as the incendiary of the Reichstag, and that no one has helped him in this. Whether this is true or not, remains a secret. Throughout the entire length of the trial Van der Lubbe made the impression of an idiot, and if he should be beheaded, a double crime will have been committed by the Nazi judges. First, such a person as Lubbe belongs to an healing institution, but not to the executioner. Second, it is almost certain that the idiot has carried out the objectives of the Goerings and Goebbels, and, that the same people whose object he has carried out should behead him, it will be something that has no example in the history of humanity's gruesomeness and vileness. Van der Lubbe appears to me to be of the same type as was Leon Czolgosz, who shot President McKinley over forty years ago, a person whose brain was fired by a few kindled phrases, and for whom life was too bitter, that he should be able to give himself an account of the consequences of his deed. The only difference between Czolgosz and Lubbe is perhaps in this, that whereas it is certain that Czolgosz had no partners in his deed, it is tho, as far as Van der Lubbe is concerned, a great and justified doubt, if in his insane attempt to burn the Reichstag he didn't have as partners the very Nazi-bandits who are the accusers of the communists."

This was written by the chief editorial writer of the paper, Sh. Yanofsky. No one could object to an attitude which would express opposition to revolutionary deeds. There have been many instances where Anarchists disapproved of revolutionary deeds, but at the same time also expressed their profound respect for the courage of the revolutionists in question. The above editorial, however, not only brands Van der Lubbe as an agent of the Nazis (without any semblance of proof), but goes even farther than that, for, assuming that his was a revolutionary deed, it brands Van der Lubbe, as well as Czolgosz, as an insane, sick person!

Since not a single one of the six co-editors has raised his voice to utter one word of protest against the said editorial, and since no one at the Jewish Anarchist convention, held a week later, was reported to have protested against it, the above editorial against Leon Czolgosz and Marinus Van der Lubbe becomes one of the most degrading and shameful blemishes upon the Jewish Anarchist Movement and its organ.

And we ask of our Jewish comrades: **do they assume responsibility for this perfidious act perpetrated in their name?** Silence will be equivalent to approving and condoning this debasing act. And the Anarchist movement here and abroad ought to know where the Jewish Anarchist movement stands when it comes to a matter of decency and honesty—even tho there may be disagreement on the question of the tactics of revolutionists.

In Eutropia

(*Continued from Page Five.*)

governing institution, and has its own Capital named Finance. It is probably destined to become the next form of Government for the country when crisis calls for a change. If so happens then it will evolve into a money feudalism of a new historical order. It is practically ruling the country now, and has been doing so for more than a generation. No important policy or great undertaking can be determined by the Government without consulting its chiefs and taking their advice. It rules and takes tribute of all the major industries, except farming, and that will be taken care and control of when preparations are ready. The great plains, suitable for large-scale farming, are already being partly evacuated by means of mort-gages and fines on industry. This is all done in strict conformity with the law of the land, which is founded on the predatory principle of rights. This ancient principle of "right by acquisition," held sacred by all the dead civilizations, is firmly established by tradition and religions and is fundamental to Eutropia's social order. The emblem is the Golden Calf sucking a Longhorn Cow.

To adjust conflicting claims of winners and losers, to secure the pensioners their rights, and to provide proper and satisfactory rules for the games, there is a special independent Government, "the Predatory Service," whose members hold themselves in readiness to give advice and attend to such affairs. It is their special duty and function to uphold and preserve the sacred principle of the "Rights of Property" as superior to the "Right of Man to himself and his works individually and collectively." The members are known as a very liberal class of people; wherever there is other people's money or property to be distributed they always allow a liberal slice to themselves and each other.

Again—In Defense of Nicola Sacco

Dear Comrade Editor:

It was very painful to me, and I believe to many a comrade, to read in the December issue of MAN! the insinuatiing remarks about Fred Moore, deceased, and T. H. Bell, living. The very caption of the article, "In Defense of Nicola Sacco," seems to have the malicious intention of implying that T. H. Bell, in his panegyric of Fred Moore, was defaming the memory of our martyr-comrade, Nicola Sacco.

I have read Bell's article and, though I am writing this from memory, can safely say that, besides devoting a few paragraphs as a tribute to a departed Comrade, there was nothing of disrespect mentioned therein for our all-reverenced martyr, to merit such an uncalled-for attack.

While, not being familiar with the intricate facts in the case, I am not in a position to defend the name of Fred Moore, I will say that, so far as is known to all comrades, his association in the Sacco-Vanzetti case was that of a comrade and not of a lawyer—as your writer attempts to inform us. Just because he failed in his purpose does not, necessarily, stamp him an "evil person." In fact, even the esteemed Mr. Thompson, and the very latest attorney—was it Mr. Hill?—even they could not wrest them from the clutches of the death chair—though I am not alluding this with any indication of disrespect for the two gentlemen.

And what is this piffle about "while among the capitalists he would have had to give a lot of service for whatever little money would have been given him?" Doesn't your writer know that Capitalists pay well their legal advisers? They might employ little girls for their sweatshops at starvation wages, but when it comes to paying attorneys' fees, they surely pay them—and pay them well. Any corporation lawyer can tell you that.

Comrades, it is very discouraging when, because of existing differences of opinion—as it looks to me—one strives to besmirch the good name of another. It occurs to me, though, if we cannot restrain ourselves from the petty quarrels in our dealings with the living, we ought to, at least, have some respect for our dead.

Samuel Polinow.

The above letter is a fair example of the kind of letter that ought not to be printed. The writer of it admits that the writes (about Bell's "necrolog" on Moore) "from memory" and that he is "not familiar with the intricate facts in the case" . . .

Neither of these two admissions stopped Comrade Polinow from launching into a defence of Fred Moore as a "comrade," and to impugn Comrade Coda and MAN! with "malicious" intentions "to besmirch the good name of living and dead comrades."

Since the attempt is being made to make it appear that Bell did not write anything of disrespect toward our martyred Comrade, Nicola Sacco, then it is best to quote directly from Bell's article on the subject:

"Since the Sacco-Vanzetti affair he (Moore) has often been criticized and even openly attacked in some radical Circles. It is quite true that Sacco finally wrote dismissing him and declaring that he regarded Fred as his worst enemy. . . . It is significant that Vanzetti, a man with no family ties to wrench his heart and disturb his mental equilibrium, a man moreover of a more equable temperament, did not write like that . . . "—September "Freedom."

What stronger proof is needed to show that it was Bell who not only attempted to besmirch Nicola Sacco, trying to make it appear that he had an unbalanced mind, but who even makes resentful references to those radical circles, such as ours, which have held nothing but contempt for Fred Moore. Thus the caption of the article: "In Defense of Nicola Sacco" was more than justified. Furthermore, even the statement of Bell's pertaining to Vanzetti, is untrue, as some of the printed letters show.

As to Fred Moore, Comrade Polinow might have looked up the printed financial statement of the Boston Defence Committee, from which he would have learned how true indeed is the assertion of Comrade Coda, that: "while among the capitalists he would have had to give a lot of service for whatever little money would have been given to him." For whilst Moore gave very little service toward attempting to save Sacco and Vanzetti, he hasn't failed to draw from the Defence Committee, tens of thousands of dollars!

—Editor

Chicago

Saturday evening, March 24th, 1934, at **Strumil's Hall**, 107st and Indiana Avenues, there will be an entertainment in favor of our press and Political Prisoners, at 7:30 p. m. A play in Italian will be given, and then dancing until late hours.

* * * *

To contemplate the destruction of Capitalism without the abolition of the State is just as absurd, in our opinion, as it is the hope that the emancipation of the labourer will be accomplished through the action of the Christian Church or of Caesarism.—Peter Kropotkin.

Financial Statement

(From January 15 to February 15, 1934)

INCOME

E. M., $1.00; Grupo Rayos de Sus, $2.00; G. Ferrero, $1.00; P. Boggiato, $2.00; W. Walker, $1.00; Olive, $1.00; Massida, $1.25; F. Caruso, $2.00; B. Ostarello, $1.00; F. Elia, paper sale, .50c; O. Waldman, I. Gurian, J. Reiss, $2.00; Anna Levin, .20; Rand Book Store, $2.85; C. Gonzales, .50; Sam Cohen, paper sale, $2.05; Paterson Group, share from affair of Dec. 30, 1933, $7.50; Ping Shek (the Equality Society) $10.00; R. Jones, $2.00; Sin Chun, $1.00; Y. M. Joe, $1.00; Ng Chee, $1.50; R. Tong, $1.00; Esther Chun, .50; Dav. Chun, .50; Blair, 75c; From affair of Dec. 31 (4 tickets) $1.00; Mohegan group, .50; Scott Nearing, $1.00; F. Bosco, $1.00; Clark Norris, $1.00; Paul Jurk, $1.00; Jos. Plecarpo, .50c; Conti, $2.00; A. Fernandez, .30; Sam Cohen, paper sale, .50; Rogat, paper sale, .76; S. Schiessl, 60; D. Leo, $2.00; M. Virlow, .35; P. Ziano, $1.50; Otto Welk, $2.00; Sam Cohen, paper sale, .25; Ernest Schleifer, $1.00; Harry Block, $1.75; Geo. Brown, .50; A. Bagnerini, $1.00; J. Piacentino, $1.00; F. Coniglio, $1.00; H. Sexauer, $1.00; Circolo Volonta, $14.00; S. Urso, $2.00; D. Leo, .50; I. Ciani, $2.00; E. Aurouzl, $1.00; L. Ugliuzza, $2.00; L. Fagnani, $2.00; Oakland paper sale, $1.05; S. Cohen, paper sale, $2.10. Int. Book Co. 66; C. Watkins—$1.00; J. O'Dell—$1.00. —TOTAL $98.92.

TOTAL INCOME	$ 98.92
CASH ON HAND	20.46
	$119.38
TOTAL EXPENDITURES	$155.44
TOTAL CASH	$119.38
DEFICIT	$ 36.06
Additional on January issue	$ 15.00
Additional on February issue	30.00
TOTAL DEFICIT	$ 81.06

CORRECTION: Total income printed in Financial Report of the February issue should have been $181.34, instead of $178.59. Cash on hand, then, was $20.46.

A Talk Between Two Workers

By Errico Malatesta

One of the most renown works of Malatesta, for a long time out of print, has just been published in a beautiful pamphlet-form edition, 32 pages.

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